





MIMIR O

MIMIR

(feral dogs)

(genunga)



WILLIAM LINVILLE

1998

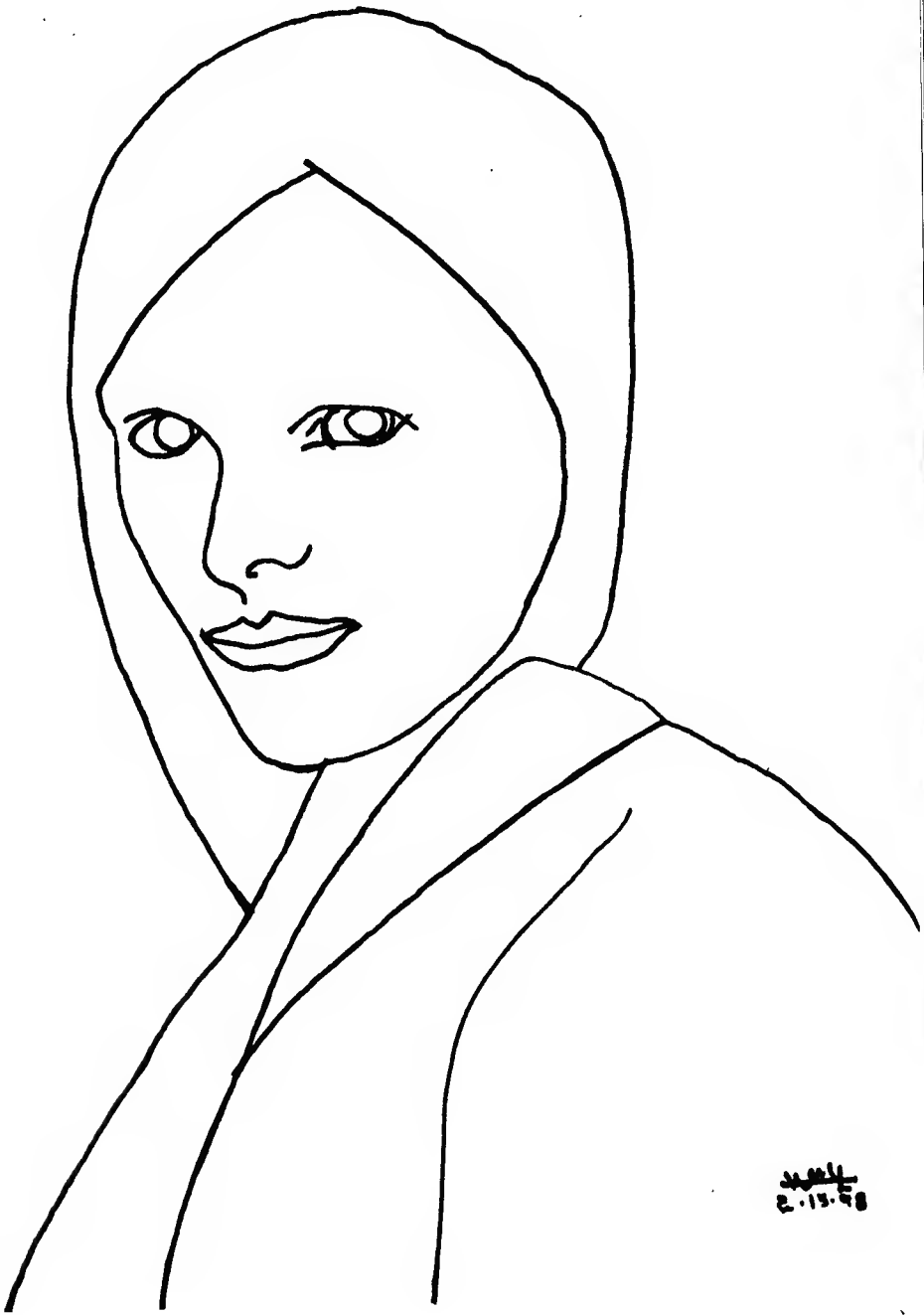
*Will Linnville*

MIMIR by William Linville  
Spring 1998  
Art and Poetry

Copyright 1998 by William Linville  
this work should not be reproduced  
in any form without permission from  
William Linville. Except for quotes  
for the purpose of review.  
William Linville retains permission  
to reprint.

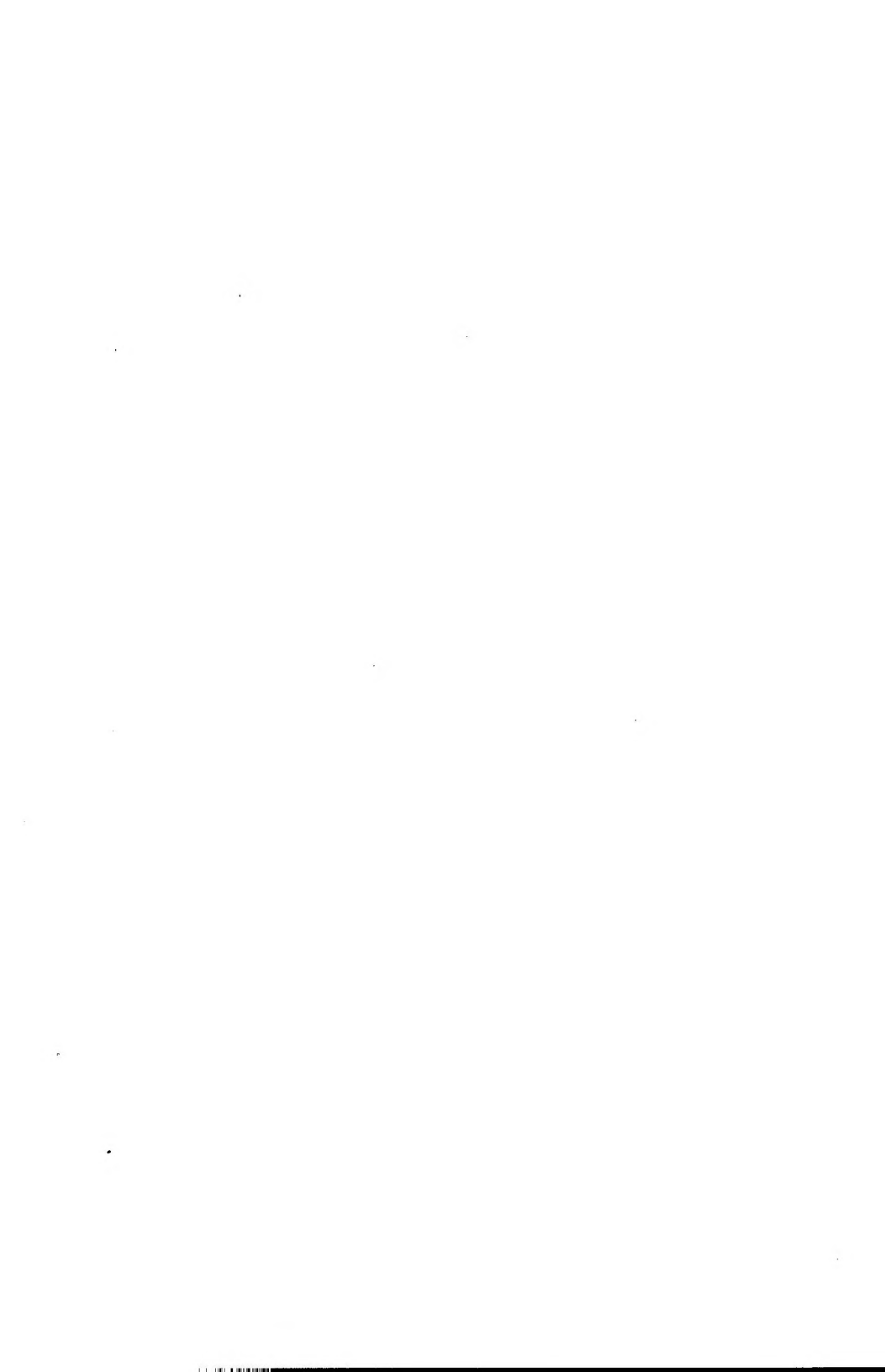
Across the desolate link  
radiant shapes  
move in mist.  
This is for them.

William Linville  
Honolulu, Hawai'i  
Spring, 1998



2.15.78

Anne's Echo



Mimir

The woman  
gave him a picture,  
a tiny airplane,  
eternal empty ocean,  
clouds and sky.

On the frame  
was printed: "We".

You look at that,  
it ought to be yours.

But looking at her,  
there was no answer.



## Mimir

The boy and the woman  
spent hours on a train.

He was sick and feverish.  
His throat was very sore.  
He struggled.

Sit there and be quiet,  
she was angry.

They were met  
at the station.

Someone asked:  
Is this him?

Mimir

Something  
made him different,  
strange,  
unusual,  
coached him  
into himself.

They've  
ruined him,  
she said.

Mimir

Wood's leaves,  
yellow and brown,  
filled him  
with lost.

He sat  
in the midst,  
certain of always,  
accepting end.

But the man  
was watching,  
hidden.

Mimir

In blackness,  
the child stolen,  
in the forest,  
under rotted leaves,  
the deformed baby  
dead.

Jarring motion,  
the heavy car.

No one will ever know,  
he is sleeping.

## Mimir

Square windows,  
rain and dark,  
the car roaring.

He sat  
on the folding seat,  
the dark woman  
tried to hold him  
but he was afraid.

The man was silent,  
difficult to see,  
the boy slept.

He awoke  
on the back seat  
near the woman.

He cried so hard  
they stopped  
the car  
and gave him  
coca cola.

He could not see  
the driver,  
either.

Mimir

The one said:  
you've got  
a big mouth.

He examined  
that metaphor  
sitting alone  
on the forest path.

I think  
I don't understand  
he whispered  
against the howling.

## Mimir

The food  
had no taste,  
fried potatoes,  
canned beans.  
They drank thick  
bitter black  
coffee.

He was sick  
and when  
they put him to bed  
he dreamed of apples  
and fresh ripe cherries.

Mimir

Their noise awakened him  
and he saw the woman  
eating  
the man's penis.

Why are you hurting him?

They carried him  
into the other room  
and he slept  
in a chair.



Mimir

He sat in the hole  
the man had dug.

Wind moved clouds  
across the sun  
cool and bright,

The wood's shadows  
became voices.

It opened to him  
and he understood,

He was no part  
of any of it.

Mimir

In the shop  
he became lost.  
He followed  
a woman.

Outside on the street  
she pushed him away.

He did not know  
what to do.

Alone,  
he watched  
the rain beginning.

Mimir .

Later,  
the one told him  
that he talked  
like a girl.

He asked the woman:  
pay no attention.

Mimir

No bathroom,  
no toilet,  
no one to talk with  
except the woman.

She hated him:  
be quiet,  
stay put,  
shut up.

Pushing him out,  
she locked the door.

He sat  
pressing back  
against  
the splintery wood.

## Mimir

Dark and wet,  
lost among trees:  
are there wolves?

Of course,  
the one said,  
slipping away,  
leaving him alone  
to listen  
to their howling.

Mimir

The man,  
the woman,  
the boy,  
all slept  
in one bed.

They awakened him  
with their scurrying:

Go to sleep.

Mimir

The woman  
stood on the porch.  
The man  
squeezed his hurryup arm,  
pushing him to sit.

The man dug furiously,  
swearing.

He took out his knife,  
the woman's voice,  
the child was dry of tears.

Mimir

But their eyes  
are open.

Go back inside,  
the man said,  
they're dead.

Why?

I shot them.

Blood pooled  
around soft forms.

The door slammed  
on tears.



Mimir

The old woman  
held the crying child.

The chair rocked,  
the clock

She held him  
to the window:  
see,  
they are shooting  
the colonel.

Men crowded around.

She gave the sick child  
peppermint.

## Mimir

The woman  
with her rake.

The boy ran  
crying  
help me.

In a rush  
the one  
pushed him.

In surprise  
he felt  
the softness  
of the mud  
under his knees.

Mimir

Sitting  
on the fold down seat  
again  
he jumped up excited.

He leaned  
against  
the driver's back.

Someone take him.

The woman  
in the dark fur coat  
tried to hold him.

He was too big.

Behave,  
we're almost there.

Flowers,  
a bright beautiful day,  
the cemetery.

## Mimir

Pasted with newspaper  
the bedroom  
was a dance  
of skeletons.

He was afraid,  
he hated waking up.

He called for help,  
no one answered.

He stayed in bed  
most of every day  
watching the light.

Mimir

Once,  
when he awoke  
the radio was  
playing  
Clair de Lune.

Without  
opening his eyes  
he said:  
it's over, I'm home.

But the woman came  
to get him out of bed.

Mimir

Be quiet,  
I don't understand  
half  
of what you say.

Where do you get  
such strange ideas?

Mimir

Go outside  
and play,  
be quiet,  
leave me alone.

He went to the hole  
the man had dug,  
crouching there  
to watch shadows.

Mimir

The one held him,  
pretending  
to wash his genitals,  
squeezing his penis,  
asking how it felt.

It hurt  
to have the foreskin  
pulled back

To have laughter  
confused  
with pain.



Mimir

Dark square cars  
side by side  
under  
the heavy trees.

He stood between  
with two  
other women.

Two men came:  
Is this him?

Yes.

They were well dressed  
and happy.

Later, they called out  
to each other.

Mimir (feral dogs)

King dog knows teeth,  
tearing,  
and jumping on.

But the boy's voice  
inkles the puppy,

milk and petting  
or salty blood?

In that fog  
Fenrus stirs.

Mimir (feral dogs)

The well was dry.  
It had not rained.  
They carried water  
in wooden barrels.  
It smelled alcoholic

A stream crossed  
the wood's path,  
down slope,  
fallen leaves,  
water sound.

They told him  
not to drink:  
the woods  
have poisoned it.

He believed them.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He wished for a stick,  
but then  
the dogs might attack.  
He stood straight.

"With Anne gone  
who can compare  
with the risen sun?

Know I never compared,  
'till now she's gone".

He was singing,  
the dogs round him  
in their circle  
pointed their noses  
at the sky.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He could not  
break the circle.

To run  
might answer  
their question.

He kept his arms  
at his side,  
his voice low.

He rummages  
for fragments,

Finding laughter,  
he gives it  
to them.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He was seven,  
beginning school,  
at the first beating.

But every day,  
for eight years,  
there was more.

His heart  
subsided  
deeply.

It was impossible  
to know  
what he might do.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He was seven,  
beginning school,  
at the first beating.

But every day,  
for eight years,  
there was more.

His heart  
subsided  
deeply.

It was impossible  
to know  
what he might do.

Mimir (feral dogs)

Dangerous  
schoolyard voices,

The circle  
of boys

Holding him down.

He made no sound,  
they poured  
a sticky softdrink  
over his face,  
nose, eyes, ears,  
by handsfull  
they heaped on dust,

Gritty, rust full  
schoolyard color,

He was no longer human.

No one arrived  
to rescue him.

They left him.



Mimir (feral dogs)

At school  
two larger boys  
took him  
into the passageway  
behind the church.

We hate you,  
they beat him.

He didn't understand.

They took his coat.

Mimir (feral dogs)

In sweet morning air  
he stood in the meadow.

The dogs sat around him  
looking question  
at each other.

More came  
from among the trees.

He spoke  
as if  
they were children.

He did not  
ignore them.

Mimir (feral dogs)

The one  
undressed him,  
squeezing his genitals,  
putting fingers  
into his anus,  
laughing.

He ran  
to hide  
under the bed.

He said  
he would tell.

They caught him,  
made him stand naked  
on the porch  
while they  
took his picture.

Mimir (feral dogs)

He was ten at school,  
his classmates  
threw him down  
the metal outside  
staircase.

He lay dazed  
against  
the streaming  
drainpipe:

Stupid  
clumsy boy,

Teacher dragged him  
to his feet.

Mimir (feral dogs)

I know  
that you are  
a coward  
who will not  
defend yourself,  
or me,  
she repeated.

So much wasted.

He had not expected  
to see her there  
on the muddy path.

He went  
to look again.

Mimir (genunga)

You are not  
a team player,  
the Dean said.

Your only skill  
is making trouble,

You're fired.

He kept voice  
and posture,

But they attacked.

Mimir (genunga)

The light  
is so strange,  
everything is  
different,  
will something happen?

Nothing can happen now,

He knew better.

Mimir (genunga)

She made him hold  
the iron rail  
at the foot  
of the bed  
while she inserted  
the syringe  
into his anus.

You're a coward,  
it brought blood.



Mimir (genunga)

"My babe...my own child:  
dreams again...

"Thrush,  
strikes like lightning  
to hear him sing  
glassy leaves and blooms  
they brush  
the sky's descending blue  
with richness  
all in a rush..."

"Stolen Lamb,"  
said the whispers,  
an angel, music,  
a puzzle.

Mimir : (genunga)

"Let me enjoy the earth no less  
Because the all enacting Might  
That fashioned forth  
                    its loveliness  
Had other aims  
                    than my delight."

He visioned a musician,  
there among the trees,  
he saw a figure.  
A cello  
praying for the dead.

Mimir (genunga)

Tears and solacing,  
"...a flash of blue  
that might have been  
a bird  
Grown soon to the calm sea  
sea's a calm sky  
That seems to arc  
Where nothing has ever occurred"

Anne,  
are you only  
the Queen of Heaven?

Mimir (genunga)

"...intellect no longer knows  
Is from the Ought,  
Or Knower from the Known...  
Only the dead  
    can be forgotten...  
But when I think of that  
    my heart's a stone..."

He awoke:  
Anne...

Stop dreaming,  
they said,  
go back to sleep.

Stone...

Mimir (gerunga)

In his sleep

Ann reads to him:

"The pedigree of honey  
Does not concern the bee  
No lineage of ecstasy...."

"Parting is all we know

of heaven,

And all we need of hell...."

soft music at awakening,  
then fear again  
in the skeleton room.

Mimir (genunga)

"Dwell on her graciousness,  
Dwell on her smiling,  
Her brow creamy  
as the crested wave,  
Her sea blue eyes...  
O Love, O Fair One..."

He awoke to silence,  
The howling stilled.

Mimir. (genunga)

It's done,  
he said,  
not enough, too slow,  
too careful, too exact,  
too costly.

Who do you think you are?

Grey wind  
shivers the forest  
the stream  
has frozen,

howling.

Darkening.

Mimir (genunga)

Among  
the crystal petals  
he sees  
shapes moving.

Kneeling  
on the muddy path  
he sees  
six ways opening.

He dips his hand  
into the pool  
and begins.



Mimir (genunga)

What is that music?  
Schubert's Unfinished.

Why didn't  
he finish it?

He died.

No,  
not before  
it was done.

Foolish.

Mimir (genunga)

Finally  
they had him.

Circling,  
snarling,  
growling.

There is no weapon,  
this is how it ends.  
Isn't it?

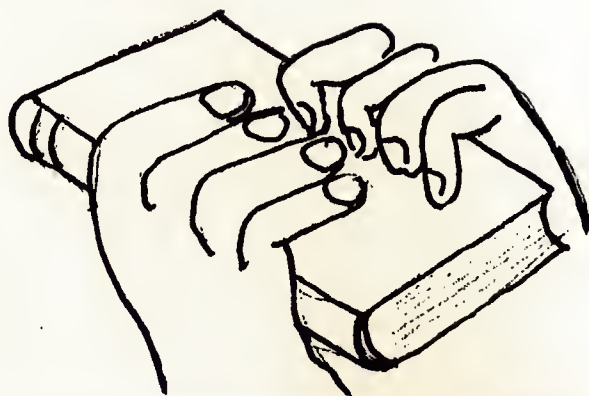
## Fenrus Found

Mimir keeps the three streams  
of knowledge from the pure fountain  
at the roots of Yggdrasil.  
Odin paid the blinding price for  
knowledge before he came to Mimir.  
Loki hid fire in that crystal.  
The runes signify "self", "stasis",  
and "movement". Time, self-direction.  
discovery? Past, present, future?  
Fenrus answers when you call.





1296/213  
A292/1998



R  
i  
R  
i  
R